

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



MONA'S ALARM.

"WAIT A YEAR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY."

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Warren was sufficiently recovered from the sudden shock to understand what had happened, and where he was, he found that his feet rested upon something solid. But this return to consciousness was only another form of anguish, the

cry of which, in its first wild utterance, yet rang in his ear, for he was worse than a prisoner, wedged in between walls of ice, from which he could not extricate himself. Stiff, bruised, and cold, conscious of life, but only so far as deepened the horrors of the situation, he could not but shrink with dread, his fears gradually increasing to mental agony by what he discovered. The narrow ledge on which he stood appeared to join two crevasses together, and might be on the point of giving way. Close to him, and on each

side, was a gulf, dark and drear, silent and unfathomable. After one glance downwards he resolved to look no more; and yet, against his will, his eye turned that way again and again, cruelly fascinated by those depths of ice and mystery that were yawning to receive him.

When able to think, the first idea was that sooner or later he must lose his footing, and sink down into that terrible darkness. Was not the anxious waiting as bad as the certainty? And next, how painful was the silence—not a sound to be heard—already the stillness of the tomb was around and about him. It oppressed, it overpowered him, dulled his brain, and, by degrees, gained such a mastery over his senses, that, as its leaden weight became more and more heavy, reason partially wavered. The wild and strange, mixing with the real, wrapped him in doubt, wonder, and consternation. It seemed as if he had left the world and had already passed into some weird-land, where all was desolation. Immense white blocks, veined and spotted with blue unearthly tints, were all about and above him, enclosing him in a marble tomb, away from sight or sound of man. It seemed long ago since he had started in the morning sunshine, rejoicing in the pure beauty of earth's verdure, and treading the mountain paths with a vigour and delight he scarcely, if ever, had felt before. It was surely long ago since he had smelt the fresh air, fragrant with the scented pines, or crisp and beautiful as he recollected feeling it when it swept over the fields of unstained snow. He grew colder and colder. A shudder, breaking for a time the stupor into which he was settling, pressed upon him a painful sense of solitude, that seemed gathering more and more about him. What would come between it? There was but one answer—death, and such a death! Glancing again at the abyss below, his thoughts took another direction. Where was his companion? Was he still alive? Was he still hanging on to the rope that yet encircled his own waist? Though Warren had just given himself up for lost, the bare idea of the new danger, rising out of this supposition, swept over him as a fresh wave of misery. The anguish of a new terror laid fast hold of his heart, almost suspending the little action it yet had. One movement, be it ever so slight, and he would be snatched from the frail support that stood between him and destruction—and who should say when that might take place? Like himself, his guide might be for the moment safe, and only stunned. He might be stunned—the phrase repeated itself with pregnant meaning—and when he came to himself he would naturally move, and then—

Warren Sinclair's brain reeled and shrank appalled before the upspringing thought which he would gladly have hidden away from his most secret consciousness. But it had come and stood before him as a thing to be grappled with. For that little spot of support, just now regarded as too frail to give a lengthened chance of keeping body and soul together for a few more moments of a half-frozen existence amid rocks of ice, where the coldness of death already penetrated, and which must close him in with everlasting night before the fast-declining day was gone, he grudged the prolongation of the terrified life that might for a short period throb in that stranger's veins! But perhaps he was already dead. Again Warren Sinclair had to despise himself for the vile egotism that gave a thrill to his benumbed frame at

the bare thought of this impediment to his safety being removed. It was but for a moment, and then the better self of the man broke through the mists of a stupefied selfishness, and roused him to the realities and higher possibilities within his reach. The love of life, even in circumstances like these, was strong, but something better and nobler was stronger still. Angry with himself for the baseness that had for an instant tainted the blood, now again creeping healthily back to his heart, he made a desperate effort to gather up some fresh mental energy which might save them both. If this poor man were yet breathing, might not a word from a fellow-sufferer keep him, by breaking, if only for a short space, a silence which had in it more of the horror than of the solemnity of death? Pressing his hands firmly against the rock of ice in front of him, he called feebly and faintly, his husky voice scarcely making a sound; but, bending his head on one side, the better to look down, he found that the rope moved. Now, indeed, he felt that his small chance of safety was all but gone. His feet must slip; one hair's-breadth, and he would glide and glide until he sank into that terrible darkness! Oh, for another half-hour of life! If he could but retain his footing a little longer, there was a possibility of rescue. He remembered, with a feeling almost harrowing, because more compounded of fear than hope, that his hat had fallen off, and might reveal the sad catastrophe to his brother. Enough for the moment that the chance existed. He knew of men having been saved in similar circumstances by the devotion of their guides. These heroic fellows, taking their lives in their hands, were accustomed, by means of niches cut by their hatchets in the ice, to descend the improvised ladder step by step, and had sometimes succeeded in saving a fellow-creature. Cecil would stimulate their exertions by all the means in his power, by all the pleadings of humanity, and by the promise of high rewards. In the weak condition of his mind, Warren was endeavouring to imagine what Cecil might offer, when a fresh and painful fact flashed across him, the one of which Cecil had jestingly reminded him that morning, that his brother was his heir. What if Cecil suffered himself to be tempted? But the thought was too monstrous to be entertained.

Glancing upwards, Warren had sense enough to see the fragile nature of the hope that had begun to stir him in a feeble cloudy manner. The sky, if sky it were, appeared only as a streak, greyer and clearer than the misty blue light surrounding him. Could any one descend into these ghastly depths and expect to come out alive? Cecil might naturally hesitate to risk another life for a chance so small; and who would blame him? Warren's heart quailed and quailed as he tried to argue the point with himself. Cecil was in no wise a bad man as the world counts; he was not unkind; not more mercenary nor selfish than other men; and yet—in an egotism from which he now shrank in horror—he had just forgotten his own duty to a suffering brother. In all this there was nothing consoling, nothing calculated to strengthen the flickering hope that, from its very fragility, was not unmingled with pain.

As the time passed on, Warren's mind, in a whirling chaos of conflicting feelings, made desperate attempts to hold together some threads of reasoning, and then again wandered off into fancies he could not control. Ever and again returned the idea, what if he lost his standing?—which he must do if his com-

panion moved—and how long could he remain in his present position? Touching the rope, it seemed to him becoming heavier, and dragging downwards.

Too surely an increased numbness was creeping over him; he might soon lose all power over his limbs. He could yet think, but could only guide his thoughts with effort. They were perpetually wandering from prayer to philosophy, and to other unwelcome subjects, which had no real interest now. What was the glacial theory to him? Perhaps much: it might concern his winding-sheet. The movement of glaciers had been calculated, correctly in some instances, as results had proved. After a certain number of years, computed according to certain laws, the bodies of those who had perished in the ice had re-appeared. A guide, lost in 1820, was found more than thirty years afterwards, washed out by the stream at the extremity of the glacier. This man had fallen into a crevasse. How long would it be in his own case before his body was found? Not, probably, in this generation, or, perhaps, when Helen was an old woman with grandchildren skipping about her, and had forgotten him. What would his death cost her? A few tears, that would but enhance her beauty, and he who loved her so well would pass out of her life as if he had never had a part in it. Had he dealt well and fairly by her? Looking back, other thoughts seized him with swift-coming energy. It was right to give his wealth and taste and time to God and His service, but all that was nothing now. Resolutions of this description did well in health, but could not lift nor stir the dark pall hanging before his eyes. His heart cried out for something on which it could stay itself. What had become of his complacent hopes, and the blameless life of which he had fondly dreamt? From earth and earthly things he had no more to hope. The end was come. And now the Saviour, whose name had so often been lightly on the lips, assumed for him a personal reality.

It would be vain to follow him through all the struggle of those awful moments. With wonderful clearness, and almost supernatural calm, as he afterwards related, the whole issues of life seemed, in a brief space, to open before him. With all the life still remaining in him he cried for the mercy never yet denied to the true penitent, taking up the petition again and again whenever his reason was sufficiently unclouded. But in spite of himself his thoughts were continually breaking off to other topics—he could not fix them for any length of time. And presently a sense of fatigue began to overpower him; the scene was perpetually shifting, and he saw things confusedly. In vain he strove to recover the thread of his meditations and prayers—there was ever a mixing and blending of ideas which he could not disentangle. And besides this his eyelids grew heavy, his head sank downwards, and he seemed to have darker glimpses of that ghostly sepulchre below—other and deeper crevasses, with their blue depths descending he knew not whither. After a period of unconsciousness he was roused again, and fancied that something was moving about him. Was it the dead man come to life again, or was it something else? Had he, too, fallen into those unsearchable depths from which he had shrunk in such dismay? He knew not, but only that some living thing was stirring close to him. He heard it, felt it, yet could not speak, nor raise a hand to brush away the noxious creature that was hurting and bruising him. It was dreadful not to be able to see what was happening

around him; to know so little and to feel so much. Presently there was a change in his sensations. Where was he? Passing through a region of pale opal, where the rays of gold glinted against a wall of deepest sapphire. Was life indeed over? But why then all this pain and aching in every limb? After a while all movement was over. Fantastic shapes, glistening and white, stood about and around him, and a strong light smote upon his head, rendering him incapable of distinguishing one object from another.

CHAPTER VII.

"ANOTHER victim to Mont Blanc." Mr. Moreton quoted these few words one morning at breakfast from his weekly paper, and was about to read the details aloud when his voice suddenly failed, as he fell back in his chair with the grey hue upon his face that had before so often distressed Mona. Rising, she looked over his shoulder to ascertain what was the matter, and her eye falling upon the paragraph, she became pale also.

"What has happened, Charles? Why don't you speak, Mona?" asked Mrs. Moreton, snatching at the paper, which her daughter, in her agitation, unconsciously held fast. Recovering his voice, Mr. Moreton put them both aside, and with the remark, "An accident to Mr. Sinclair," proceeded to read aloud—

"The Reverend W. Sinclair, accompanied by his brother, was making a partial ascent of Mont Blanc, when at a little distance from Pierre l'Echelle he lost his footing and fell into a crevasse with the guide to whom he was roped. Mr. Sinclair was saved with difficulty, but the guide perished. We learn that the reverend gentleman had just been instituted to a family living, and was about to be married to a lady of great personal attractions. He is now at Chamounix, very ill, and not likely to recover."

"Well, indeed," observed Mrs. Moreton, with effusion, "it seems as if Providence were especially watching over us."

"Over him, you mean," said her husband, in a tone of correction.

"Why, yes, in a certain way. Of course, it would have been a dreadful death, all alone in a crevasse, and I am glad they got the poor man out at last to die in his bed; but I meant that Providence was helping you. We may not have to leave Hillesden after all."

"My dear," ejaculated Mr. Moreton, and this time with an asperity foreign to his character, and rarely directed against his wife, "do not appear to view every event that occurs with reference to yourself. Your nature is kind; do not belie it by such thoughtless observations. I should be grieved for any one so situated, but more especially that such an accident has happened to Mr. Sinclair." No one disputing this opinion, Mr. Moreton went on with his breakfast. "These accidents are becoming very frequent," he observed, after a period of silence. "One realises them more vividly when they happen to one we know. Poor Mr. Sinclair! There were several points of excellence in him."

"Perhaps the living will be given to you," said Mrs. Moreton, persisting in her first idea, and ignoring her husband's lesson.

"Not at all likely, my dear. On the contrary, if we touch the subject at all, it is as well for you to know that Mr. Sinclair's death may prove the most

unfortunate event that could befall us. Whoever inherits his property will have the appointment to the living; and the probability is, that it will be given to some personal friend of his, who, feeling no interest in us, would not show the consideration that Mr. Sinclair has done. We should be infinitely worse off than we are now."

This was a new view of the case, and a startling one, completely overthrowing Mrs. Moreton's naive theory of a special Providence acting for the sole benefit of her family. Her mind, true to its centre, quickly seized another point by which she felt personally aggrieved, and that was Mr. Sinclair's imprudence.

"How foolish of the man; with a frame like his, and evidently far from being robust, to attempt the ascent of Mont Blanc. I must call that fool-hardy, a very tempting of Providence. No wonder he fell into a crevasse. Of course that was the most likely thing possible. Any one could have predicted it."

It was characteristic of her to make any action likely to frustrate her wishes a subject for blame.

"I cannot believe that Mr. Sinclair had any such intention," replied Mr. Moreton. "Newspapers often give such incorrect, garbled accounts, that the facts may be wholly different from their statement of them. Suspend your judgment, my dear, until we really know the state of the case, and let us remember our benefactor in our prayers. He probably needs them, and our kindly sympathy also."

"I pity the lady so much," said Mona, softly, her sweet eyes moist with a tender compassion. "How sad it must be for her! and then this publicity of her sorrow—how painful! But I wonder how they get hold of a man's private history?"

"Sir Felix Hampton is likely to know something of the truth," said her father; "I shall call upon him and endeavour to ascertain particulars."

Mr. Moreton carried out his intentions, and heard from Sir Felix that, though shattered and still very ill, Mr. Sinclair was expected to recover. "I shall write to him," said Mr. Moreton. In due time, when he thought Mr. Sinclair likely to be convalescent, he sent him a letter full of kindly feeling, such as an older minister might send to one younger and less experienced in the faith.

As days, and even weeks, passed without bringing any answer, Mr. Sinclair again became the source of small disputings at the Rectory, Mrs. Moreton attacking him from her point of view, and her husband defending him from another; the former pronouncing him ungentlemanlike and disagreeable, and the latter troubled lest his illness should prove more serious than had been represented. A new cause for anxiety preyed upon his mind, his own prospects depending materially on the life which might be slowly ebbing in a distant land.

Mrs. Moreton soon ceased to contemplate any contingency of the kind. Possessing a wonderful faculty for expecting things to happen as she wished, she would often amuse herself by speculating over the sort of person Mrs. Sinclair would be. When in good humour she would talk of their mutual relations in a patronising manner. She intended to do her best to make the lady happy, and spoke as if she herself were always to remain at Hillesden.

And so half the summer passed away without anything fresh or novel to mark it. If the days were colourless, they were tranquil, for the great peace that God showers down on His children, falling

gently as the refreshing dew into the heart of the flowers, was there in the minister's breast, and from him radiated to many around him. Pleasant hours they were to Mona, and never to be forgotten, though passing so swiftly at the time and almost unheeded, as many of the most precious often are, though each is laden with a value we only rightly estimate when it is gone for ever. Mr. Moreton loved his home, his family, and his work, which, in spite of his failing health, he did faithfully. Occasionally shadows, not of doubt, but of anxiety, came as a cloud between him and those brighter visions in which he was accustomed to sit down and rest. The future of those he left behind would sometimes loom darkly before his eyes. His time, he knew, was short, and the summons might come at any hour. His chief difficulty was to prepare his family for an event that might be nearer even than he expected without alarming them. On that subject Mrs. Moreton was unapproachable. Not willing to hear any allusion to what she called melancholy subjects, she stopped him at the first word, begging of him to have more feeling for her than to try her nerves so recklessly. To Mona only could he speak of the things that lay nearest his heart, and in her he ever found an attentive auditor. "Remember, my darling, that trials must come to you," he would say, caressing the hand she often stole into his; "and you may one day have to bear them without me to help you. Let them be discipline, not purely affliction. As you regard them so they will be to you."

And Mona drank in his words as treasures to be garnered in her heart of hearts. Accustomed ever since she could recollect to receive her father's instructions with loving reverence, and to consider him the wisest and best of men, she scarcely perceived the increasing solemnity of his counsels and manner. He had often told her to regard his life as peculiarly uncertain, but the lesson was hard to learn, and the fact was only indistinctly realised, and only so far as it seemed a stronger bond between herself and him.

It was one of the warm days of August. A sultry harvest morning had come, with the white mist in the sky that betokens heat, and a weight was in the air, stifling the sweet scent of fruit and flowers that the earth ought to have been offering from her lap. A message came for Mr. Moreton—a sick man at the farther end of Hillesden, supposed to be dying, wanted to see him, and despite sun and sunshine he started on foot to visit him. "I would go in the afternoon, when it will be cooler, if I were you," said Mrs. Moreton, as she stood for a minute in the shade of the porch, just as he was going out. "No time like the present," he answered, with a smile that was always sweet for her. She saw him go down the garden and through the gate with redoubled bitterness in her heart against Mr. Sinclair: first for wishing to take back the living, and next for offering her husband the curacy. "I do believe he will be simple enough to take it," she said to herself, as she watched him out of sight. Mrs. Moreton was in the pitiable state of mind of one who did not really know what she wished for—only that something particularly good might befall them. The hours of her husband's absence wore away, and he did not return, but there was no anxiety at home on that account, as, in the course of his long walk, he might have visited some of the other cottages that lay in the way.

But when the dinner-hour came Mrs. Moreton began to fret over his unpunctual ways, and sent her

children to the door, one after the other, every two minutes, to see if he were in sight.

"I will give him five minutes more by the clock, and then we will sit down without him," she said. "I wonder he does not recollect how I dislike to have the dinner spoilt."

Mona got up to look for the last time, and, after a longer absence than before, returned, looking pale and agitated. "My father has sent for me; he wants me particularly. I think you and Nita had better begin dinner."

"Your father is getting quite inconsiderate. Not content with his own irregularity at meals, he teaches you to do the same. How can any household be orderly where there is no punctuality?" she asked, with visible ill-humour, but made no attempt to detain Mona. Although she said what she liked, Mrs. Moreton did not often act against her husband's orders.

"I don't think he can help it," answered Mona. "I don't know that," returned Mrs. Moreton, sharply. "Come, Nita, if they choose to run about at wrong hours, that is no reason why we should not have our dinner comfortably."

Mona stood hesitating for a moment whether to speak or be silent; but when she saw her mother throw her arms round Nita's shoulders with a complacent smile, and draw her towards the dining-room, she went up stairs and put on her hat. Her heart ached, but she was silent. It is one of the anomalies of our nature that such common-place things as eating and drinking go on side by side with the saddest tragedies of life. Her father was ill, and had sent for her. This was the news she had just heard. She knew no particulars, except that he was at Mr. Graves's house. He had asked for her, desirous as ever to save his wife unnecessary pain and anxiety. Why should she frustrate his wishes, and cause grief where he had tried to spare? So, without giving any account of the message, which had fortunately been delivered to her as she stood at the door waiting for his appearance, she left the house, and hurried through the Rectory garden to the road. After walking a few yards, Mr. Graves dashed up to her in his pony Phaeton.

"That is right, Miss Mona. I am glad to see you alone. Your father keeps asking for you, and bids you not to frighten madam. Get in, and we shall be at the Hall quickly. Ho, ho, Mhdew and Blossom! Off with you!"

The ponies, thus addressed, laid back their ears, and, being slightly touched with the whip, galloped so fast that Mr. Graves had enough to do without attending to Mona's anxious inquiries, so that she arrived only partially prepared for the scene that awaited her. Springing from the carriage on reaching the house, she went in by herself, Mr. Graves, after the single word "parlour," driving the foaming horses slowly towards the stables. A deadly sickness of heart fell upon her when she entered the room, where she was to find her father. He lay on a sofa, propped up with pillows, breathing with difficulty, and with the dew of suffering upon his face, now grey with a greyer hue than she had ever seen there before. The village doctor was by his side, and some restoratives were on a table close by.

"My Mona, my darling," exclaimed the sick man, making an effort to stretch out his arms to her. "God for ever bless you, my child! He will, He will; I cannot doubt it. Be good to your mother,

spare her whenever you can, for life will be so hard for her. She does not know how to bear sorrow. I have always tried to shield her from it. Tell her that the same Hand that strikes can heal, and that He makes all things work together for good to those who love Him. He is all-powerful, and will do far better for her than I could. Don't be unhappy, my darling," he continued, as Mona's tears fell upon his face, whilst she pressed kiss after kiss upon his brow, in a passion of grief, for her young heart was smitten with sore anguish. At the sight of this prostrate life, her own seemed ebbing away.

"Don't grieve so much, my precious child; be strong for me. I look to you to break the news to your mother, and to help her when the end comes; but that is not yet, I am better now. Mr. Graves will presently send me home, and I shall be able to bid Clara and Nita 'good-bye.' You will keep up for their sakes, and for mine too, my darling. You will give me the joy of seeing that my Mona knows how to accept God's will without murmuring. Oh, it is sweet, very sweet to have no will but His; knowing that it is the best for us." Then, laying his hand tenderly upon her head, he whispered softly, "You will never forget your father, Mona; you will follow him; it may be through some sorrow, but it will be to the land where sorrow is unknown. My dear child," he added, after a pause, kissing the tearful face that touched his own—for though Mona restrained the sobs that choked her throat, she could not help shedding the bitter tears of a heavy grief—"there are no tears in heaven. God Himself wipes them away."

As the doctor now returned to separate them, having, at Mr. Moreton's request, left them a little while together, they were obliged to obey his orders. He prescribed half an hour's complete rest, and then Mr. Moreton, if better, was to be taken home. The sick man acquiesced, and, loosening his hold of Mona after another tender embrace, lay quiet on his pillows, too anxious to see his beloved ones again to make any resistance. After giving a promise neither to stir nor speak, Mona was permitted to remain in the room, and took her seat by the window, whence she looked out upon a stiffly-planted avenue leading to the high road, the pleasure-grounds, such as they were, being situated at the side and the back of the house.

Pomona Hall, as the eccentric owner named it, was a large red-brick building, solidly built, with no claim to elegance, but containing those pleasant accessories of an easy life we modestly style comforts. Mr. Graves was a rich man, who had made his fortune as a market gardener, slightly vulgar, and very good-natured when not offended. His gardens, the chief delight of his life, were highly cultivated, it being still the ruling passion to produce better fruit than could be found at any other man's table. Flowers he secretly despised, or classed them among the weak things that were best suited to women; and when in a complimentary mood he was more inclined to draw his comparisons from the kitchen-garden than the more brilliant parterre. For him the lily had no elegance, the rose no charms. The former was a poor, sickly plant, occupying a space that might be better filled, and the latter a lady's plaything, of no value compared to a fine hautboy or a well-grown pine-apple. He was a busy man, too, in the parish, presuming a little on his wealth; but he liked the Moreton family, held the plate after a charity sermon, first dropping in his guinea as what he termed "a

churchwarden's duty," and often sent "madam," as he called Mrs. Moreton, presents of the finest fruit in his garden.

The hot sun burned against the brick wall near the window at which Mona sat, looking down the deserted avenue, but she would not stir lest she should awake her father, who appeared to be dozing. All was still; no one came or went, the doctor having requested that his patient might be left quite quiet, and on no account be disturbed before his return. A sound broke the stillness at last.

"Did you speak, father?" asked Mona, going immediately to his side. "God for ever bless you—bless you all!" he said, slowly, without unclosing his eyes.

"Amen!" said Mona, softly, to herself, thinking that her father was talking in his sleep. Not to break the slumber so necessary for his restoration, she quietly went back to her seat and shook her finger at Mr. Graves to enjoin silence, as he was about to inquire after Mr. Moreton from outside the window, intimating by signs that he was asleep. And so the time passed in a slow agony of hope. When the doctor came into the room after the lapse of an hour, she started up eagerly. "My father has not stirred, and has only spoken once since you left us, and that was in his sleep," she observed, in a low whisper. The doctor gave one glance at the recumbent figure on the sofa, and then cast a look of unmistakable compassion upon Mona.

"It is not true, it is not true; for pity's sake speak, and say it is not true!" cried Mona, her heart almost standing still with the sudden agony that look called up. "Oh my father, my father!"

With a choking sob she threw herself on the silent figure, which would never more give utterance to the words of love that had been her best portion of life's good things. But it was true. "The silver cord was already loosed, and the wheel was broken at the cistern." Mr. Moreton had gone to his eternal rest, and must have departed soon after Mona heard him speak—a blessing on his lips. He died calmly and peacefully. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth."

IN PURSUIT OF THE SIKHS AND AFGHANS.

BY A MEDICAL OFFICER OF THE COMPANY'S SERVICE.

I.

IT may interest others besides old Indians to hear some personal recollections of the last great Sikh War, when the boundary of the British dominion was first carried to the Afghan frontier.

The Punjab campaign, with the heavy fighting at Chillianwalla, and the crowning victory of Goojerat, had thrown such a number of severely wounded friends and foes into the field hospital that the youngest medical officer had become practically a somewhat experienced military surgeon.

The ordeal had been severe, and proud were my friend and I when we were told that we had been selected to proceed with the field hospital which was to accompany Sir Walter Gilbert's flying column in pursuit of the retreating army of Sikhs and Afghans.

A few hours' notice saw us off by forced marches to pick up the second brigade, which had started a day or two before. It was not an easy matter, how-

ever, to bid good-bye to the dear friends we had made in the field hospital of the Punjab army. Nowhere, indeed, are the bonds of sworn friendship more closely drawn than in those hours of trial when during a campaign you see men facing common dangers with the unselfishness of the truly brave, forgetting to think of themselves. No conventionalities then hide the sterling character of the Christian gentleman, and there is no chance of your being mistaken as to his real character.

Such men we had to bid good-bye to, alas! never to meet some of them again; for India is a wide word, and the exigencies of the service, or climate, part men often by more than a thousand miles, or never suffer them to meet at all.

We caught up the force before it reached the Jhelum river, and saw for the first time regiments of Horse and Foot crossing a deep river by a dangerous ford. Some cavalry soldiers of the first brigade had been swept away by the current while they sought to cross at a narrower part of the stream. Care was now taken, therefore, to select a really fordable place, and the course of the ford proved to be a zigzag, which the engineer officers carefully staked off to show the way. For safety, the men were ordered to wade in lines, each holding his neighbour's hand. At first it was not very deep, and the men were in great spirits, but as the water reached to about their armpits they were very quiet, and went forward slowly in wavy lines. This was particularly noticeable in the Sepoys, who had stripped to the work, and did not seem to enjoy the business. The Europeans took more kindly to the wading, and kept on their underclothing, knowing they were to have a change on the other side. The clothing, arms, and ammunition were passed over in boats, so we who had no occasion to go with the men through the half mile of cold water direct from the snowy sides of the Cashmere hills, were kindly allowed elephants to cross on. The general belief in camp was that we forded the Jhelum at probably the same place as Alexander the Great had crossed with his Greeks, or Yunanees, as they are called by the Punjabees and other Eastern nations. The weather was perfect for our living in tents. We were all in good spirits, as who is not who has passed with triumph through a season of trial? The enemy was retreating before us, and we scarcely expected to have much, if any, fighting, and were quite happy in the prospect of camp life for weeks to come.

No clouds darkened our horizon but one, the fear lest the Sikhs should deal harshly by a lady, the late Lady George Lawrence, her husband and child, and some officers that they were carrying off with them in their flight. After crossing the river, we rode down to see the town of Jhelum, but were sorely disappointed in its miserable appearance when we got inside, for from the opposite bank it looked so desirable a town. An old fakcer, who had stood, they said, for some ten years in a hovel on the river bank doing penance for his sins, must have laughed at us while we gave him a backshish. We felt that though we pitied the man we were imposing on him in treating him as if we believed in his pretensions. From the roof of the hut he had a board swung in front of him, on which he bent his arms and body to help him to continue for a time erect like, while he received the alms of devotees.

At the time we were there the road was a broad track, beaten hard by the tramp of innumerable

mules and horses, and the weight of the soft foot of the heavy camel. Few and far between was the wheel carriage met with, so no made road was thought of.

How changed is all this now. Jhelum is the north-western terminus of a great railway system stretching to Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. It is from this point, however, that all our troops still start on their march to the frontier. But now they travel by one of the best made roads in the world, the work of Lord Napier of Magdala.

We then marched over a plain to the foot of some low hills, which we entered, and encamped under the once famous and now picturesque almost ruin of the fort of Rhotas. It was the first hill, if it could be called a hill, that we had climbed, after marching about 700 miles, and pleasant it was to wander about and look at the strange but most homelike scene we had met with in India. One feature of the place was, however, strikingly new to us, viz., a well, which for its peculiarity was called a bhowlie. It appeared as you approached it to be an ordinary well, but on looking down you saw an opening in the side of it, close to the water's edge. This we found was the foot of a flight of steps, which began at an entrance many yards off at one side, and by which you could readily walk down a gently sloping staircase to the water. The pleasant coolness of such a shaded descent to the cool waters of the well must be an uncommon refreshment to a sun-heated, thirsty traveller.

On we went next day, for there was no halting, as we had to keep within a couple of marches of the first brigade of our division, which was commanded by Sir Walter Gilbert, perhaps the hardest rider and best horseman in India. True, he could not get infantry to go at the pace he liked to ride at, nor could camels, carrying food for his troops, go quickly along, but he was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet.

The day was cloudy, and a little rain fell, but it was very welcome as it made it so easy for the troops to march quickly and easily along. In ordinary marching in India, the greater part of the road is usually covered before sunrise, but in the face of the enemy no such luxury as starting at three o'clock in the morning is allowable. Shortly after sunrise, as we were marching quickly along, an incident occurred that suddenly loosened the bands of discipline along the whole line of march, and led to the desertion of their posts by many officers of every grade. No stratagem of the enemy could have succeeded better in throwing the force into confusion and possible rout than this unexpected occurrence. Our road led along the tortuous, narrow bed of a dry stream that winds its way through the broken and hill country known as the "Buckrala Pass." Emerging from between two hills, the almost naked dusky figure of a stout Punjabee was observed descending a narrow footpath and coming down on our road. He was seen to be stooping under a heavy sack which he carried on his shoulders. All eyes were fixed on him, for none of his race had ventured as yet to approach our column. On stepping down into the road he made signs that he wished to speak to the nearest officer. He went up to him, and presently down went the sack on the ground. Other officers went up, and presently one was seen struggling with the mouth of the sack to open it. The man had been told to give the sack to the first officer

he met, its contents were *overland letters for the brigade*. No postmaster had been appointed to receive them, and they were emptied out on the ground. The news spread along the line, and old officers and young came, each seeking for his letter from home, the one cup of comfort most eagerly longed for and thankfully received by the excited Englishman in the East. The peculiar limpness of the overland letter, with lines of writing showing through, told what the happy receiver had got to read, and the quiet thoughtfulness of his abstracted manner for some time after its perusal showed how the soldier's thoughts and heart were thousands of miles away, revelling in the memories of a quiet English home. Soon every man was in his place again, and that night we encamped in a little open space where the bed of the stream stretched up to the left into a small amphitheatre. About twelve o'clock at night the camp was suddenly aroused by the bursting of one of those grand thunderstorms which are seen in all their majesty only in the hilly tracts of the tropics. The brightness of the electric light as it flashed with quick strokes lighted the tent through its cotton walls, while the continuous thunder-roll was broken only by the repeated crashes that accompanied each burst of fresh light. It passed quickly, but the memory of it has lasted vividly now some thirty years.

Next day was Sunday, and a glorious morning it was after the air had been cleared by the storm of the preceding night. It was no day of rest for us; we marched as usual, and reached our camping-ground early in the day. Our halting-place was still in the bed of the mountain stream, and surrounded by hills. On reaching the ground, the men not on duty piled arms, and took off their accoutrements and coats to pitch the tents more readily and comfortably. Making over my horse to the *syce* (groom), I wandered out of camp, and went up a hill-side alone, to have some quiet Sabbath moments to myself. I had not gone far when a bugle in the camp sounded "the assembly," which echoed with startling clearness through the hills. On looking down, the scene in camp was exciting; the men were rushing with all speed to their arms, and the camp-followers racing to their place in the rear. It was no time or place to stand looking on; I had to race down the hill and across the plain to camp. Just as I reached it the men were falling out again and going back to the work of pitching the tents or crowding forward to the road. The cause of all this commotion was by this time understood: the pickets had reported the coming in sight of a body of armed men descending the pass, but the winding character of the defile prevented our men knowing the exact strength. As a hostile descent on the camp in such a disadvantageous position was not under our circumstances an unexpected event, and as the strange troops were close by, the men had been ordered at once to fall in. Some officers were sent out to see what was meant, when it was discovered that the supposed enemy were irregular horse, Pathans, from beyond the Indus. They were "Nicholson's men," and were the honoured escort of Mrs. Lawrence (Lady George Lawrence), her child, and English servant. We heard from their leader the good news that she had been sent the day before, with her husband, into Gilbert's camp as a peace-offering, and to intercede for a cessation of hostilities and pardon for the past. We learnt also that the

Sikhs were laying down their arms, and that the war was over. On hearing that the lady, whose safety was so deep an anxiety on all our hearts, was passing, I ran down to the road and got on an eminence close to which she rode past on an elephant. So interested was I in seeing her, that I forgot till she was past to raise my hat to her, but on coming to myself threw it as high as I could and thanked God she was safe.

That was a happy hour and day in camp; the last day, virtually, to us, of the anxious campaign. A day of rest and peace, a day on which to thank God for national and personal mercies.

Next morning we started again, following the advance of the other brigade. When we had gone on a few miles a sight greeted us that told its own tale. A few stalwart Sikhs, straggling in threes and fours, came stalking along on both sides of the column with all the bearing of soldiers, and looking at us with the manly looks of brave men. They were the first of a long string of our disbanded enemies. In the scanty clothing of the country you could see the muscular forms of these fine fellows. All wore beards more or less long and full; very many were grizzly, telling of service extending back to the good old time of Runjeet Sing, when the "Khalsa" had reached the acme of its glory. We could not help contrasting the physique of these grand specimens of men with that of our Hindustani Sepoy.

The Sikhs were stouter fellows far, though not much taller, and had a more military bearing with less swagger than the less robust soldier from "Oudh." All day long these men passed silently along, no one addressing them, nor did they speak. No feeling of enmity towards them ruffled us, but respect for their trouble on our part, and soldierly dislike of defeat on theirs, kept us and them apart. What added to the strangeness of the meeting was that besides the postman we had seen neither man nor beast before on this great highway to India from Central Asia. All traffic had been scared from the road and its vicinity for months, and especially during the retreat of the hungry Sikh army followed by our advance. Marching on, we came to the Schwan river about eight o'clock in the morning, and there met a strange sight. In the dry portion of its bed lay the accoutrements of the remains (upwards of 3,000 in number) of the Sikh army that had followed its leaders from the fatal field of Goojerat. Gilbert's force had come up on them drawn up at this point, for the Sikh found he could retreat no farther, as he had no friends beyond this. The Hindoo world ceases and the Mohammedan world begins about this point and stretches away without interruption into Afghanistan, and onwards till it meets the Christians on the western borders of Turkey.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Fisherman's Orphans.

DOWN on the old stone steps,
Worn by the wash of the waves—
A rough and rugged seat enough,
Whose base the water laves,
Whispering tales of distant sails,
And of the deep sea caves—

The fisherman's boy and girl
Look over the gleaming bay;
One cloud is scudding with the breeze
To dim the gladsome day;
Its shadow lies in their young eyes,
They have no heart to pray.

The boats are all at sea;
How merrily they go!
O it were brave to ride awhile
Where yonder ripples glow,
Purple and green their varied sheen,
Capped daintily with snow.

The boats are all at sea;
Nay, all at sea save one,
That on the shore lies high and dry,
And idle in the sun;
And father's boat would be afloat,
But father's work is done.

His honest heart is still;
Her tawny sail is slack;
Another and a stranger hand
Must guide her on her track.
Yet every day the children say,
"Will father soon be back?"

And every day they come,
Taking fresh heart of grace,
And patient stand, or sit them down,
Upon the landing place;
They used to meet him here, and greet
So joyfully his face.

The fisherman's boy and girl
Look over the gleaming bay;
The fisherman's soul has gone to God,—
No father on earth have they.
Father on high, be ever nigh,
To guard their lonely way! S. E. G.

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THE FISHERMAN'S ORPHANS.

[Davidson Knowles.]



ENGLISH PROVINCIAL DIALECTS.

THE English language, as taught in schools and printed in books, has now attained to a recognised "dictionary" standard. But in various parts of the kingdom there remain certain local or provincial forms and modes of speech, rarely written or printed, but in almost universal popular use. To these dialects we invite the attention of those of our readers who may not have much considered the matter. They are an interesting study, not only as relating to the language, but as associated with the history and life of the English people.

The ordinary Englishman knows nothing, or next to nothing, of these English dialects. To him "Lancashire dialect" or "Sussex dialect" means absolutely less than "Ionic" or "Doric," and he is wholly unable to say what are some of the main points of difference between the dialect of North Lincolnshire and that of West Somerset, or between the dialect of East Yorkshire and that of Herefordshire. Of course, at this time of day, most people are aware in a dim sort of way that provincial dialects are not altogether masses of rude, deteriorated, *bad* English; they are aware that provincial English is for the most part simply *old* English of some kind, and that the forms of speech used by the poor ignorant rustic of to-day are very much the same as those of their forefathers, learned and lay alike.

The present writer has the pleasure of knowing a fair number of highly educated gentlemen, some of them scholars of very high rank, and yet out of all this number there are scarcely two who take an interest in the work of a society like "The English Dialect Society," or who even acknowledge or fully understand the *use* of such investigations as that society undertakes and encourages.

And so it comes to pass that whilst we may meet dozens of persons "doing" a single district of our island, we shall hardly find one who takes the faintest interest in the English spoken there. No; one will be botanising, another will have eyes for nothing but entomological specimens, whilst a third will be altogether intent on rocks and fossils; not one will have thought of taking pocket-book and pencil, and making notes of the words and forms of speech, the grammar, pronunciation, and so forth, of the people he meets with.

Perhaps after all the reason may not be far to seek. It is not so many years since the present general study of the English language began, that is, the study of its origin, history, and gradual development. But now, book after book—by Latham, Trench, Morris, Skeat, Marsh, Earle, Whitney, Furnival, Ellis, and many more; Society after Society—Early English Text, Chaucer, Shakespeare—all prove how much greater interest is being taken in the study of language in general, and of our own in particular. And one result of the study of old and mediæval English has been to point out the utility of an investigation of our dialect forms; and the feeling is spreading even amongst those who have no pretensions to profound scholarship, but only to a moderate amount of education and intelligence. And this is

proved by the fact that the English Dialect Society, though it has been in existence only three or four years, already numbers about 350 members and some scores of actual workers, and has put forth a considerable number of interesting and valuable volumes.*

Amongst these volumes are eight or ten of original glossaries. To the philologist these volumes will no doubt be of very great value, but it is a great mistake to think that it is to philologists alone that they will be interesting. On the contrary, every fairly educated, thoughtful, and intelligent reader would find in them much to interest and charm, and not a little even to amuse, in the curious old-world words to be met with, in the odd superstitions and fancies connected with many of them, in the curious, and possibly to many, uncouth systems of pronunciation, in the quaint saws and proverbs used amongst the peasantry. It is with the view of inducing, if possible, even a small number of readers to examine such volumes, that the few gleanings which follow have been put on paper.

Taking up a volume at random from the eight or ten alluded to above, it turns out to be the first volume of the "Whitby Glossary." Perhaps the first thing that would strike most readers would be the astonishing number of terms relating to ghosts and ghouls, witches and warlocks, and such like ugly beings, in respect of which it is probable that the Whitby dialect is peculiarly rich. And no wonder, when we consider the lonely and (in former times) remote situation of the district, its history which reaches far back into the dim ages of early Christianity in this island, its far-famed old abbey with its St. Hilda, Caedmon, and the legends connected therewith, and its numberless traditions. There are at least fifty words under one letter (B) alone which have some connection with the Whitby superstitions. Some of these are mere varieties and compounds, a few root-words; but still the number of "ghostly" phrases is large. Thus we observe that "boh," "boggle," play an important part, as they by composition with other terms help to form no small portion of the whole fifty. "Boh" is a sudden exclamation made for the purpose of startling any one near, whilst "boggle" or "bogie" is a general term for a hobgoblin. From the former word we get such compounds as "boh-ghost," "boh-man," "boh-fellow," "boh-thing," etc., all which explain themselves; from the latter we have "boggle-beck," a haunted stream; "boggle-chased," pursued by a hobgoblin; "boggle-fits," nervous apprehensions; "boggle-gloor," the glare of the "boggle" or "barguest;" "boggle-room," a haunted room. "Barguests" (or "boh-ghosts") also hold an important part amongst childish fears. The derivation of the word is given as Anglo-Saxon *burh*, a fortified place,

It is well to note and collect local words and phrases, but the mere collector should be slow in pronouncing any words or phrases to be peculiar to a district. Many old words are heard in widely-separated regions. A large proportion of the words are merely diverse in spelling and pronunciation. The Dialect Society will make our shelves groan if it only multiplies lists of local words without discrimination or comparison with those of other districts. A well-informed and judicious sub-committee might usefully overhaul each list or glossary before publication.—Ed.

and *gast*, a ghost, so that the literal meaning is *castle-spectro*. Some, on the other hand, consider it as simply *bier-ghost*.

Under many a word where we should expect nothing of the kind we find accounts of various superstitious beliefs and practices. Under "bee-skep," a bee-hive, we are told that at the funeral of a country bee-owner a bit of everything pertaining to his funeral repast must be given to the bees, otherwise they will die, a belief shared in by others besides the people of Whitby. "Bisslings" is the first milk of a newly-calven cow, and it is the usual thing to give some of this milk as a present to a neighbour to make "bissling-pudding," but the recipient must on no account rinse out the vessel in which the present is sent, or the death of the young calf will certainly quickly follow. The fairies of the district are said to mangle their clothes with the "bittle and pin," that is, with a heavy wooden battledore and roller, and it is said that the strokes of the "bittle" can be heard even a mile off. The common belief that a plentiful crop of blackberries (called here "bummels" or "bummelkites") denotes the coming of a hard winter is, of course, not wanting to Whitby, but there is this further, that "bummels" are not to be eaten after Michaelmas, as by that time "the devil has waved his club over the bush." The elder-tree is here called the "bur-tree," and it is considered a mark of extreme degradation to be crowned with elder, as it is said that Judas Iscariot hanged himself on this tree.

Turning to another dialect—that of Holderness, in East Yorkshire—we can hardly fail to be struck with the large number of words relating to beating, fighting, and otherwise acting in an offensive and assaulting manner. How it should come to pass that the Holderness peasant, who is certainly not more quarrelsome than his neighbours, should have such a profusion of disagreeable nouns and verbs the present writer cannot say, but the fact remains all the same. As to verbs, a Holderness man may "bang," "baz-zock," "bray," "bullyrag," "cobble," "clood," "dhrub," "doos," "feeat," "feyt," "hezzle," "knaup," "leeace," "leather," "loundher," "lug," "nail," "pause," "scamp," "scrag," "scuff," "skelp," "slug," "snake," "sool," "switch," or "wallop" his neighbour. And yet, as we have hinted, the Holderness man is essentially a peaceful character, and it is to be feared that many another district (especially in the north of England) could at least equal Holderness in the number of its terms of the bellicose kind.

The provincial names of common animals and plants are a study of themselves. What would the ordinary Englishman make of "attercop," "cleekin," "eleg," "con," "cowshut," "frosk"? Yet they are (or were) good Yorkshire for spider, young chicken, horsefly, squirrel, wild-pigeon, frog, respectively. "Brook" means two different things in different parts of the country. In one district it is the name for the badger, in another it means the cuckoo-spit (*cicada spumata*). In either case the phrase, "He sweats like a brock," is common and applicable. "Spinner," a spider, tells its own tale, and is much nearer the original term than the word spider itself. "Tommy Taylor" is the East Yorkshire term for the well-known daddy-longlegs of other districts. In the Hull district a "hog" is not a pig but a sheep; and there is an old well-worn story of a famous midland pig-dealer, who, seeing by an

advertisement in a Hull newspaper he chanced to come across that there was to be a great sale of "hogs" in that town on a certain day, travelled some hundred miles or so to be present. His disgust on finding that there was not one pig amongst the whole lot may be imagined. Of the names of some of the commoner animals, it may suffice to give a very few out of the large number which could be instanced. We have "cushy-coo," a cow (common to North and East Yorkshire generally); "tommy-parsey," stickleback; "oosen," oxen; "cockawny," cockchafer (Mid-Yorkshire); "biddy," chicken; "moddy," calf; "covey," pigeon; "buard," gnat; "rezzil," a weasel; "wintail," a hare (Holderness); "tup," a ram; "wye," a female calf (Yorkshire generally); "bubs," unfledged birds; "bees," flies; "ask," a lizard or newt; "clubtail," a stoat; "coach-horse," a dragon-fly; "hagworm," snake (Lincolnshire); "alp," a bullfinch; "barrow-hog," male swine; "bullheads" or "bull-jones," tadpoles; "dunnock," a hedge-sparrow (Lancashire); "flappers," young wild ducks; "joy," a jay; "Mus Reynolds," a fox (Sussex).

The names of plants are even more numerous, and, in many cases, more curious and interesting, and certainly many of them are very expressive. The common pansy (*viola tricolor*) is called in Sussex by the pleasant title, "jump-up-and-kiss-me." On the other hand, the stinging-nettle is branded with the name, "naughty-man's-plaything." The well-known *arum maculatum* of our hedges and ditches seems in the northern counties to be almost universally called by one of three names—"bulls and coos," "lords and ladies," "coos and cawves" (cows and calves). The ones with a lighter-coloured spadix are called coos, ladies, or cawves, as the case may be, whilst the plants with a dark spadix are always called lords or bulls (or, in some places, coos). The "bur-tree" has been already mentioned. We will select but a few names of common members of the vegetable kingdom: "boneflower," daisy; "brown-leeming," hazel-nut; "blegs," blackberries (West Riding); "selly," "saugh," or "sauf," willow; "seeaves," rushes; "yak," oak; "scallions," leeks (Whitby); "lads' love and lasses' delight," southernwood; "runch," wild mustard (*sinapis arvensis*, the "ketlock" of other parts of Yorkshire, the "pulling" of which causes such trouble to school managers and teachers, and all who are interested in keeping children regularly at school; both in Holderness); "foalfoot" and "cleats," coltsfoot; "madge," one of the buttercup tribe (Mid Yorks); "dead tongue," water hemlock; "churn," daffodil; "bulloe," wild plum (Lancashire). In East Yorks the mealy-looking flowers of the hemlock are called "bad-man-wotmeal"—that is, devil's oatmeal. The pretty shaking or trembling grass so well known to all country children seems at Whitby to have three distinct appellations—"trimmling jockies," "doddering dickies," "quaker grass." It is believed to be obnoxious to mice, and a bunch is often kept on the mantelpiece. A Whitby youth recognises in "seeave-whalops," the warty excrescences of the hedge-brier, a charm against flogging; and in connection with the flogging question it may be noted that the belief seems to be almost universal amongst northern village schoolboys that an onion rubbed on the palm of the hand will prevent any stinging from a caning on that part, just as a horsehair stretched across the same quarter will invariably split the cane!

The present writer has often thought how much it is to be regretted that court English has lost, or, if it never had them, does not adopt, some of the very expressive terms, especially epithets, to be found in provincial dialects. What word, for instance, can express the nice shade of the northern "dowly"? It means dreary, lonesome, weird, haunted, in one of its phases, as "This owd house is varry dowly;" whilst another set of meanings would be melancholy, depressed, ill, and, in fact, generally unsatisfactory, as, "There's nobbut varry dowly deed i' that hoose"—that is, that household is ill, in unusually depressed circumstances, or what not. All the above, and much more, may be meant by dowly, but not one of the given words is at all an equivalent. Again, who has not felt the want of an adjective to express orderliness, fitness, propriety, etc.? in short, what we are obliged to get at either by a multiplication of adjectives, or by a clumsy periphrasis, or by borrowing from a foreign language; thus we get *apropos, comme il faut, en règle*, and the like. This seems a pity, when we have nearer home an adjective which expresses exactly what we want without periphrase or lengthening out of any kind. The Holderness "heppen" is the word, the exact shade of which no single word known to literary English carries. A Holderness labourer will push more into the middle of the fire a stick or log which is in danger of falling out with the remark, "There, that leaks heppener." With the same remark will his wife put back into its place a chimney-piece ornament which has got pushed a hairbreadth from its quarters. The boy who sweeps the paving-stones in front of the house—the "cawsey" in local parlance—on Saturday does it with the intention of making things "heppen" for Sunday. Again, it is anything but "heppen" to indulge in self-praise. Truly we might all adopt "heppen" with great advantage. "Canny," so well known to almost everybody who can read, needs no explanation as to its general meaning, but it is to be remarked that it is only the Scot or North of England man who can grasp the full extent and delicate shades of meaning it possesses. It is to be noted that this epithet is sometimes given to places, as "Canny Yatton," dear little Ayton, in North Yorkshire. What an expressive verb the common Yorkshire "to dow" may be can only be understood by those who are well acquainted with some dialect in which the word is used. To get on well, to thrive, to be of avail, to benefit, to be good for, to be of use, to be right and proper—all these, and perhaps more, can be expressed by the short "dow." "He neither dees nor dows" (he neither dies nor gets well) has been so often quoted that it is in a fair way of becoming known to a much larger circle than hitherto. "What's that lass of oors efter?" (what is that servant of ours doing?) a farmer may ask, and the good wife will perhaps reply, "Ah don't know, but Ah doot it's nowt at dows," meaning, "I am afraid it is nothing good, or likely to benefit herself or anybody else."

One might go on to any length with expressive words, but we must just mention how expressive some of the provincial compounds are—perfect metaphors in themselves, many of them. Look at the Holderness "hing-lug," literally, hang-ear. Originally applied to a lean, over-worked, spiritless horse, it has come to be applied to individuals of the *genus homo* as well. "Gnash-gab" is an appropriate enough term for a man harsh and snappish in his way of talking, and so is "sooar-boocans" (sore

bones) for the same kind of man. "Slape-sides" (slippery sides) tells forcibly enough of a sleek, slippery, wily rascal. "Slither-pooak" (slide-sack), one who does his work in as bad and slipshod a way as possible, and who lets all he possibly can "slide," as the Americans would say; "bunch-clot" (kick-clod), a farm-labourer, a lout; "pap-mooth," a mother's pet, a grown-up baby, with many more, are all expressive enough.

Most provincial dialects are singularly full of similes, some of which are extremely good. "As brant as a pissmire" (as cool, sturdy, and independent as an ant) is by no means wanting in force. Who that has watched ants when their hillock has been suddenly overturned, and has seen the collected, self-reliant manner in which they seize each his grub—or whatever the little white particles may be—and marches off with it—who, I say, who has observed all this, can fail to appreciate the force of the simile, "As brant as a pissmire"? "As bare as a but" (unfledged bird) is Lincolnshire; "As grue, or grew, (sullen, grim-looking) as thunder" come from Whitby. We must conclude with a few words anent some of the old saws and proverbs current amongst our rustics. Some of these old sayings are remarkably wise, quaint, and pointed. "A bad hedge is better than neea beild" (no shelter) is at least equal to the ordinary "Half a loaf is better than no bread," if, indeed, it be not superior. "Better rue sell as rue keep"—that is, rather sell with a fair offer than in the long run overstand your market—is from the same district (Whitby) as the preceding one. "I've swallowed the kirk, but I can't swallow the steeple"—that is, I have put up with a good deal, but there is a limit to my forbearance; this capital phrase is from Mid Yorks, and it would be difficult to beat it. "Yan (one) can't awlas (always) guess eggs when yan sees shells" is the Holderness version of "All is not gold that glitters."

The following may be given in conclusion as samples of the many quaint and forcible metaphorical phrases to be found amongst our dialect speakers:—"Stall a toadoot," tire out even a toad (Mid Yorks); "Steck him te t' bonny side o' t' deer" (Whitby), literally, fasten him to the pretty side of the door, which "pretty" side is the *outside*, because that is the one generally painted or grained, so that the whole phrase is a rustic euphemism for "Turn him out;" "He trails a light harrow," he drags a light load, equivalent to, he has no wife or other "encumbrances." R. S.

HOW MR. JOSEPH POTTER LOST HIS SILVER SPOONS.

I.

IN one of those many pleasant suburban homes, within a short railroad journey to the City of London, lived Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Roland. Bushey Bank—the name had been a happy inspiration of its owner when, ten years ago, he prepared it for his bride—was a model of English comfort and neatness. There were no children to disturb the orderly arrangement of house and garden. Over the kitchen presided a treasure of a servant in the shape of a middle-aged and somewhat snappish domestic, who, having advertised for a quiet place, "where the family was

small and the work light," had found each desideratum in her present situation.

Eliza scrubbed, polished, and dusted; her mistress worked antimacassars, sofa-cushions, footstools, kept the vases filled with fresh flowers, the windows adorned with hangings of delicate muslin or warmer drapery, according to the season; and their united labours had a very agreeable result.

Mr. Roland's hobby was the garden. A man came every day from a neighbouring nursery to attend to it, and in the long, light evenings it was the master's chief delight, on his return from business, to pace up and down the walks, admiring his budding roses or his bed of blooming geraniums, or to stray into a side slip devoted to fruit and vegetables and see how his gooseberries were getting on, and count the nectarines nestling against the wall. At such times Mrs. Roland would ensconce herself with her work in a tiny summer-house, where, when his perambulations brought him that way, she could hear the news of the day, and enliven the proceedings with a little chat. Occasionally, when the weather was very warm, she would order tea—Mr. Roland generally dined in town—to be set in the rustic temple. Being well-roofed, and daily swept and garnished, there was no danger of snails or caterpillars, or any such unpleasant intruders. And this she had done on a certain June evening, when the following conversation took place.

Mr. Roland, I should premise, had just offered for his wife's inspection a small morocco case containing a dozen silver dessert-spoons, which was intended as a present to her brother and his sister, young people who had further cemented the union already existing between their respective families by a recent marriage.

"They look very pretty," said Mrs. Roland. "I am sure Joseph and Lizzie will be pleased. And now we'll send them as soon as possible, for we are sadly behind. They must begin to think we don't intend to give them anything."

"Write 'Better late than never' on the top," lazily recommended Ralph. "Or rather," he continued, "don't trouble yourself at all about it, my dear, they quite understood we meant to wait a bit and see what would be most useful to them. We were wise, you see, since cream-jugs and fish-knives rained in persistently, and nobody thought of presenting them with anything so common as spoons. However, now, as you say, the sooner they have them the better. Shall we send, or will you take them to Lizzie yourself?"

"Higgins has sent word I cannot have the waggonette just now, he has let it for a week. And as for going by train, however Joseph may appreciate the long walk from the station to their house, I don't, this dusty weather. No; I'll tell you how we'll manage," said Mrs. Roland: "Joseph will most likely walk over one morning this week, and go up to town with you; we will give him the case, and he can take it home in the evening."

Mr. Roland's tongue said nothing, but apparently his eyes did, for his wife, consulting them, asked, with some asperity, "why that would not do?"

"My dear girl, if it pleases you I am satisfied; I was merely thinking that Joe is sometimes—not to put too fine a point on it, you know, Millie—a little headless."

"Now, Ralph, I suppose you fancy he would lose or forget the spoons?"

Mr. Roland owned there were things which would surprise him more, but in spite of his mild way of putting it, Mrs. Roland looked aggrieved, and actually drank half a cup of tea without speaking. "I do consider you are hard upon Joseph," she said, at last; "you must think Lizzie has thrown herself away on such a thoughtless fellow. And yet, Ralph, you know he is really very clever, and if he is a little absent-minded and forgetful, why, that shows it all the more," concluded Mrs. Roland, who, womanly in all things, was essentially feminine in her logic.

Mr. Roland, aware of his wife's fondness for her only brother, and much too kind-hearted to give her pain, reiterated his assertion that the arrangement, if satisfactory to her, was equally so to him, and then, by way of giving a pleasanter turn to the conversation, he said, "We must begin to think about getting that victoria, Millie, and you will be independent of Higgins and his waggonette, and able to drive over to Lizzie as often as you like."

"In six months," began Mrs. Roland, smiling.

"In six days, if you will, my dear little wife!"

"But it is only a year and a half since uncle died. I don't understand."

"Listen, then, most prudent and conscientious of matrons! My uncle left an annuity of a hundred pounds to Richard Grantley's wife, if the trustees, executors, and so forth, could discover the whereabouts of that amiable lady within—"

"Two years of his death," interposed Millie, and her little impatient gesture seemed to say, "Why tell me all these details that I know perfectly well?"

"Nothing of the sort, Mrs. Roland," returned her husband, with mock gravity. "And allow me to remind you, my dear, that it is considered rude in polite society to interrupt a person when speaking."

"Ralph, I am certain you told me two years."

"For once, I must contradict you point blank. I never said so."

"It is considered rude, I believe, in polite society to contradict. But, Ralph, be serious, or you will only end by bewildering me. What is it you mean?"

"Simply, that in the event of Mrs. Grantley's non-appearance the money was to be mine—not in two years, as you supposed, but in one. When, on returning from the funeral, I found some busybody had misinformed you on that point, I kept my own counsel, because I did not suppose we should ever possess the annuity, and, therefore, the more remote you thought our chance the better. Besides, I inwardly resolved to give the unknown legatee six months' grace, and then if our advertisement met no response, we could enjoy the little windfall with a clear conscience."

"I would willingly have waited also, Ralph," said Millie, reproachfully.

"I don't doubt it, dear, for one moment. My only object was to save you a little anxiety. You know your victoria—it shall be a victoria, eh, Millie?—was hanging in the balance."

"You are always kind," Mrs. Roland answered, with a look of penitence; "and you have certainly given me a very pleasant surprise. Indeed, I am so much pleased, that I begin to suspect my disappointment would have been greater than I thought if we had not obtained your uncle's legacy. It will be charming to have a carriage this summer. You don't repent your promise about it, do you, Ralph?"

"Not at all. You shall have the prettiest little turn—"

out we can get. Hulloa! here's Eliza coming. Thinks it high time she had the reversion of the teapot, evidently. I'll take a turn and a whiff in the shrubbery while she clears away."

He sauntered down the path, giving a kindly word to the staid servant as he passed, and Mrs. Roland, fixing her eyes on the wall where the nectarines grew—the wall of the hitherto empty stable and coachhouse—fell straightway into a pleasant reverie, and enjoyed, in anticipation, the delights of driving in a carriage of her own.

II.

Two or three mornings later, Mr. Potter—the Joseph of the preceding conversation—did walk over, as Mrs. Roland had predicted, making his appearance in that lady's cosy breakfast-room just in time for a cup of coffee before he accompanied his brother-in-law to town.

The newly-married couple had taken a pretty little house four or five miles from Bushey Bank, their own station being farther down the line. But Mr. Potter was of a studious and romantic turn; the walk a charming one, through shady winding roads that made the vicinage of the great city a thing difficult to realise; and he averred it did him good, which was, no doubt, correct, though his sister declared she could not believe in the efficacy of a constitutional taken at a snail's pace, with a book at the end of one's nose. This being her figurative manner of alluding to his near sight. However, it was his way, and Mrs. Millie, albeit she occasionally mildly bantered him herself, would have been very indignant if any one else had ventured to ridicule his small peculiarities, and privately considered her sister-in-law Lizzie a perfect lynx for seeing, as she did, Joseph's good qualities, and a very fortunate woman into the bargain to have engaged his affections in return.

She did not forget to seize the opportunity of transmitting her present, and while the gentlemen adjourned to the hall for their hats, she ran upstairs for the spoons.

Joseph admired and criticised (favourably, of course) to her heart's content, and was sure Lizzie would be equally delighted. Then Millie, with her own hands, deposited the case at the very bottom of his most capacious pocket, dislodging, in order to do so, a small volume of poetry, a pocket-book, and a bulky manuscript, which articles being replaced, gave it every prospect of remaining undisturbed until evening.

"Don't forget to give it to Lizzie, with our kindest love," was her parting injunction at the gate, where she stood for a few minutes, watching them reach the angle in the road, where Ralph always turned to wave his last good-bye.

"That is the sort of walk to do him good," she thought, seeing the student step out pretty briskly to keep up with Mr. Roland, who walked as though he meant it. Joseph's book was always instinctively kept out of sight when in company with that active gentleman. He, to tell truth, regarded his relative's taste for literature a little contemptuously, and was apt to be sceptical as to the great results his wife expected therefrom, and to opine that Potter would do far better to stick to business than to take to scribbling; for Joseph, timid and retiring in most things, actually ventured to think that he might vacate the stool he held in a certain office near Blackfriars Bridge, and launch upon the great sea of authorship.

"Good morning, Joe," cried Roland, as he jumped out at Farringdon. And then, like Millie, with a caution born of experience, he popped his head into the carriage to repeat, "I say, old fellow, don't forget the spoons."

"No, no!" replied Joseph, whose fingers, already closing on his beloved book, immediately relaxed at this unlooked-for reappearance. "No, no! it isn't likely. I value your gift too much, I assure you."

Mr. Roland nodded his appreciation of this speech, and hurried off, turning out of the station, and plunging into the hurrying stream of business life.

Mr. Joseph Potter, emerging from his compartment at Ludgate Hill, and wending his way down Bridge Street at a much steadier pace, may be more correctly described as borne on the current, since certainly, if circumstances had not combined to launch him in the whirl and bustle of City life, his natural inclinations would not have carried him day after day to the dingy office, and the high stool in the right-hand corner, whereon he presently sat and pored over prosy papers and bewildering figures.

At five Mr. Potter closed his desk for the day, and turned his back upon the office with the pleasant conviction that Lizzie would soon be putting on her bonnet to come and meet him, and bear him company home through the lanes. Thinking of Lizzie, he naturally recalled the gift of the morning, anticipated the pleasure it would give her, and felt in his coat pocket to know if it were safe. Yes; there it was. But to carry the treasure in an outer pocket was perhaps hardly wise. So, acting on the impulse of the moment, and in an unusual fit of prudence, he took it in his hand. Unlucky Joseph!

Arrived at Ludgate Hill, with ten minutes to spare, his thoughts reverted to the manuscript before mentioned. How pleasant it would be to add some pages to it in their quiet parlour, with Lizzie sitting at work by his side, mute as a mouse, and fearful lest the very notes of her pet canary, so sweet and soft as they were, should disturb him. He felt he could write to-night. Why, even here in the noisy station, spite of discordant sounds, unlovely sights, even here a sudden inspiration flashed across him. Hastily drawing forth book and pencil, he dropped on a seat to catch the fugitive idea. The train steamed in. Only two lines, but they were the two over which he had hitherto vainly cudgelled his brain. Write them he must.

"This way Southgate," cried the guard.

"Any more for Southgate?" bellowed a porter.

Our hero, his book still open, scrambled into the nearest carriage, intending to complete his notes there.

"Where is the parcel, my dear?" asked a stout lady opposite, of her little girl. The chance question brought the poet's mind to things of earth. He started, turned his eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," to the slowly-receding platform. Where was the parcel—his parcel? "Here! hi! porter! let me out, I say!"

The stout lady screamed, and seized him by the coat-tails; the other passengers exchanged glances of consternation; this mild-looking young man was perhaps a lunatic. And the train rolled tranquilly on, bearing away Mr. Joseph Potter in a state of the greatest vexation, and leaving poor Mrs. Roland's precious spoons exposed and unguarded on the corner of a seat in Ludgate Hill station.

III.

THAT evening, while Mr. and Mrs. Roland were in their garden, he, as usual, enjoying his cigar, she netting away on her accustomed seat in the summer-house, Eliza came across the lawn and announced that a young lady, "wishing to see mistress," was in the dining-room. Eliza did not know her, nor would she give her name, alleging that she was a stranger, who would not detain the lady long. Having said this much, the middle-aged servant hurried back, her cap-strings flying jauntily in the evening breeze, to keep watch and ward over the mysterious arrival until Mrs. Roland should follow and ascertain her business.

"Who can it be?" murmured Millie, as she shook out the folds of her dress, and hastily passed a plump hand over her shining braids.

"Some begging affair, probably," suggested Ralph, sinking carelessly into her lounging chair.

"Don't be a great while gone, Mil! I haven't told you my adventures in Long Acre yet."

"I shall soon be back," she answered; and passed out of the sunshine into the house.

The visitor was a tall girl, slight and delicate. "A lady, too," Mrs. Roland mentally decided, though the same quick glance that led her to this conclusion took in also the worn jacket, the cheap straw hat, and carefully-mended gloves of the visitor. But her idea found confirmation in the manner, at once modest and self-possessed; the unconstrained bow with which she was greeted; and the low, refined voice, which addressed her without hesitation or embarrassment.

"Am I speaking to Mrs. Roland?"

"Yes," said Millie, "that is my name."

"May I ask if you have lost anything to-day—anything of value?"

This time the answer came with a look of perplexity. "I am not aware that I have lost anything."

"You may possibly have entrusted some property to another, and be unaware if it reached its destination?"

"The spoons!" cried Millie. "Surely it is not the spoons. Oh, Joseph!"

"I am certainly speaking of spoons," returned the young lady, smiling. "If you will kindly describe—"

"In a morocco case—dessert—a dozen of them."

"There they are, madam," tendering the well-known packet, "and I am very happy to be able to restore them." She rose and moved to the door.

"No, no! You must not go like that," cried Mrs. Roland, warmly. "Pray sit down and let me give you a glass of wine and a biscuit, or some fruit, while you tell me how my spoons found their way, fortunately for me, into your hands."

So saying, Millie bustled about between the side-board and the table, on hospitable thoughts intent; rang the bell, and would have bidden Eliza summon her master, but the stranger begged she might see no one else, and yielding to this wish, Mrs. Roland merely requested her servant to gather a leaf of strawberries, and meantime diligently plied the visitor with questions.

She heard in return how the said visitor had found the case on the platform at Ludgate Hill; how she had discovered its whilom owner by means of a note inside, headed by the address of the sender, but con-

taining no clue, beyond the "My dearest Lizzie" with which it commenced, to the intended recipient; how she had lost no time in coming to restore the lost treasure; and how her own home was at Islington, with her widowed mother.

All this Millie heard, anxiously debating with herself how she could best repay this obligation. She did not like to offer money, though money to all appearance was a thing needed.

"We must send her a present," she thought, and added aloud, "Well, as I said before, I am exceedingly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken, Miss—Miss—I beg pardon, I do not know your name."

"Broughton—Eleanor Broughton."

"If, Miss Broughton, there is anything we can do for you in return, I am sure my husband and myself will be pleased."

"Thank you," said the girl, gently and gratefully; "there is nothing, unless—"

"Unless what, my dear?"

"I teach drawing," answered Miss Broughton, colouring slightly; "and if at any time you should know of pupils, those I have would recommend me. I was returning from a school when I picked up your case."

She did not add how tired and fagged she had been with her day's work, but Mrs. Roland partly guessed it, because she already looked the better for rest and refreshment. She could not, however, be prevailed on to stay longer; her mother, she feared, would be anxious; but accepted the strawberries with so much pleasure, that Mrs. Roland wished Eliza had gathered twice as many. "Give my compliments to Mrs. Broughton," she said, "and tell her I hope she will enjoy them."

"Mrs. Broughton? Oh, you mean my mother," replied Eleanor, smiling. "Her name is Grantley. These beautiful, freshly-gathered strawberries will be the greatest treat to her. Good evening, madam, and thank you very much."

Varieties.

SIR DANIEL MACNEE ON ART.—At the last distribution of prizes at the Edinburgh School of Art, Sir Daniel Macnee, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, gave some useful hints to students. "I think a picture, either telling a tale of history, or presenting some observant composition of every-day life, or soaring into the higher regions of poetic thought—any original composition showing there is something in you—is of more significance than the mere painting of a study, however well, in the Life School. Study in the Life School is but a small part in the study of the school of life. I do not mean to disparage the importance of the Life School, but to impress upon you that it should be only one part of the study of an artist in preparing himself for greater works. Constant study of the nude may affect a whole school. I heard a very wise man say of the last French Exhibition, that most of the pictures, whatever the subject, reminded him of the Life School—painted with wondrous life-like reality, but such as made you feel more astonished at the reality than you felt improved by the teaching. . . . I spoke last year of avoiding dashing cleverness, and uncertain mysterious nonsense. Amateurs and their friends are fond of this sort of thing, and call their works suggestions—suggestions which it would puzzle them to carry out, or even define. When an artist is master of his art, he may suggest what he likes, because we have faith in his knowledge, and believe what he indicates; but he who has not studied, and has never gone beyond suggestions—what faith can we have in him? He won't make us believe that his

poverty is riches. I remember a picture by a young artist that was exhibited in the rooms of the Academy a good many years ago. It was hung upon the line, and on the retouching-day it was a source of great wonder to everyone. It was a dashing and mysterious picture; nobody knew what it meant, and the supposition was started that it was the work of some elderly artist, who had gone a little wrong in his mind. There must, it was thought, be something in it, and there was a certain amount of respect paid to it on that account; but the moment it became known that it was painted by a man who had never exhibited before, there was a universal shout of 'Out with it!' and it was ultimately skied. A friend of the painter thought it suggested something fine; but the other artist said, 'Well, to an imaginative man like yourself, any dirt upon a wall may suggest a picture, but it is not a picture. A rotten egg thrown upon a wall, you may say, is a fine sunset by Turner, but it is only a stain.' A gentleman showed me a picture lately by a French artist, and said, 'Is not there something wonderfully fine in that?' Seeing it at the end of the room, I said, 'Yes; what is it?' 'Oh,' said he, 'it is a wonderful piece of colour.' I went near and saw this wonderful piece of colour; but I could see nothing else. I said, 'What is the picture? is it flowers?' He said, 'No, I think it is figures.' And so we began to look into the picture, and did discover something like legs and arms in it; as to the heads, they might be anything. After a little while my friend said, 'I don't know; I have been looking at that with intense admiration; it is wonderfully suggestive; and I think now, when I look at it, there is a glorious light in the centre, and all falls away to darkness towards the outside. I think it is the Nativity, painted after the manner of Correggio.' I suggested the possibility of its having been a picture perhaps at one time; but that it had been left upon a chair, and somebody had sat down upon it. I would advise all of you, in producing pictures, not to leave them in that mysterious state that your friends are all puzzled to know whether they mean anything; in which case it is pretty certain that you don't know yourself. These things are resorted to only by men who have not devoted much time to the study of their art. They cannot express what they think, or they have simply a dreamy thought, and they scratch in something in an uncertain way which their friends are apt to believe in. They may describe this to their friends as a suggestion meaning something or other; but if the whole world cannot see that there is something like an intention, I think the work had better have been left undone."

LORD SHAFTESBURY.—"It would be difficult," said the late Lord Teignmouth, of the then Lord Ashley, "to conceive a public man, eminently qualified though he was for the transaction of business, less disposed to submit to the trammels of subordinate official routine. Already a far wider and less frequented field of enterprise had opened on his view, and as he realised its growing expansiveness, he was ready bravely to endure and triumphantly to overcome the opposition, scorn, and obloquy to which his early philanthropic effort exposed him. The prestige which he derived from his exalted social position no doubt materially promoted his success, especially as he consecrated to the loftiest purposes any advantages accruing to him."

HARD TIMES.—Besides the usual marks of commercial depression, signs of hard times increase and multiply. First to suffer were the vendors of needless though pleasant luxuries. Next came the job-masters, the lessors of horses and carriages in the metropolis, who found half their stock thrown upon their hands all at once. Then there was a scarcity of commissions among artists. Now we hear that the number of bills of sale sent to the Queen's Bench offices for registration continues to increase, proving the pressure upon the middle class householders. In the closing weeks of 1878 the number was nearly double that of the corresponding weeks of 1875, having steadily increased in the intervening years.

THE TRANSVAAL.—Potchefstroom, the principal town in the south of the new British colony in South Africa, is rapidly increasing in size and importance under British rule. New houses are springing up in all directions, notwithstanding the "hard times," which are as common a source of complaint in South Africa as in England. The town is described as superior in the comfort of its habitations and in its general appearance to the capital, Pretoria, and a considerable rivalry exists between the two towns. Many of the buildings in Potchefstroom are substantial, and show some signs of architectural taste in their erection. The Blaauwbank goldfields, situated some sixty miles to the north of the town, are attracting considerable attention, and many prospectors are passing through the town. Besides gold, other minerals, such as silver, lead, copper, cobalt, and plumbago, are known to exist in profusion almost from one end of the Transvaal to the other. The immigration of miners is recommended by some of the inhabitants as a means of quieting the rebellious tendencies of the Kaffirs, as it is argued that a number of determined men scattered in groups through the country, to whom native labour would be valuable, and who require to live at peace with their black neighbours, would have a beneficial influence on the condition of the country.

How to select Eggs for sitting.—In a recently published Number of the "Transactions of the Natural History Society of Northumberland and Durham," Dr. Embleton, in an interesting paper on Eggs, makes the following important statement. He says: "My nephew, Mr. H. C. Embleton, informs me that if you hold the round end of an egg to a lighted candle in a dark room you will observe the air-cavity to be sometimes exactly at the end, and sometimes on one side of the end. Those eggs that have the air-cavity at the end are female, and those with the air-cavity on the side are male eggs. I gathered this information from the 'Journal of Horticulture,' about two years ago. We always act on this information in selecting our eggs for sitting, and seldom find it to fail."

RAILWAY PARCEL STAMPS.—The stamps of 4d. and 8d. for parcels are available for 2lb. and 4lb. (not 1lb. and 2lb., as stated on page 48).

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S WIFE.—Those who are acquainted with the "Journal and Letters of Henry Martyn," the Indian missionary, will not have forgotten how tenderly attached he was to a Cornish lady, of good family and of devoted piety, who lived with her widowed mother at Gurlyn, near Marazion, and his letters to whom constitute a great feature in the volume. That lady's name, as the "Journal" discloses, was Lydia Grenfell. Her brother, Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, M.P., many years afterwards, had four daughters married to four men of high distinction: one to Mr. Carr-Glyn, M.P. for Kendal, created Baron Wolverton; one to the Rev. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, the S.G.O. of the "Times"; one to Charles Kingsley; and one to James Anthony Froude. Such a group of marriages in one family has seldom been known. The family must have been one of singular nobleness to produce four mates for four such husbands. The first married of the four became Mrs. Carr-Glyn in 1825. The second became Mrs. Sydney Godolphin Osborne in 1834. It was to the youngest of the train—Fanny Grenfell—that Charles Kingsley was introduced at the village of Checkendon, in Oxfordshire, in the summer of 1839, his father, with his wife and family, occupying at the time the little parsonage for a two months' turn of "duty." "On the 6th of July," says Mrs. Kingsley, "Charles and his future wife met for the first time." "That was my real wedding day," he said, some fifteen years afterwards.—*Dr. Rigg, in Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

SCHWANN, THE FOUNDER OF MODERN HISTOLOGY.—A festival was last year held in the city of Liège to celebrate the fortieth year of the professorship of Theodore Schwann, the author of the cell theory, which many regard as the foundation of modern histology.

TURKISH MISRULE.—The correspondent of the "Times" at Kaiserieh wrote:—"In one of the villages there was a large granary of corn belonging to the Government. As is well known, it receives the tithes in kind. The corn thus obtained is stored in granaries. The local government then writes to the Porte to ask what is to be done about it. It will sell for so much, or can be carried to Constantinople by requisitioned labour. The Government refuses both of these proposals. The price offered is too low, and the transport is otherwise needed. The corn will therefore remain in the granaries, but as the vilayet thus retains the corn it must pay for it. The Government therefore fixes a value on it, draws bills for the amount, and discounts them at Constantinople, giving the discount an order to recover his money at the capital of the vilayet. After this it would be supposed that the corn would belong to the people who had bought and paid for it. Not so; the corn cannot be touched, and there it lies, rotting or being eaten up by rats in the Government granaries. I am told that there are granaries the stores of corn in which date back beyond the famine of 1874-5, but which the Government would not allow to be used at that time, when the English public were sending thousands of pounds to help to keep alive the starving population. It is, however, certain, that of the sum of £20,000 which the Sultan ostentatiously ordered to be given from his private purse, not one farthing reached the famine district. His Majesty was at that time occupied in building a mosque, estimated to cost £1,000,000, at the back of his palace of Dolma-Baghthe."